

My Golden
songbook
of
War songs

Plantation RVN '69



1.) Search and Destroy (to the tune of Jingle Bells)

Search + destroy the countryside
No one from us shall hide
We'll win your hearts and minds
We'll win your hearts and minds
Or burn your hooches down
Or burn your hooches down
We'll win your hearts + minds or burn your hooches down

2.) Dashing Through the Hooch (Jingle Bells)

Dashing through the hooch
Zippo in my hand
Burning as we go
War is really grand
Got the papasan
Now get the buffalo

And continue through the countryside burning as we

chorus: Oh, burn 'em down
burn 'em down
burn those hooches down
we love to see the dancing flames and hear
the crackling sound
Oh, burn 'em ... [repeat above]

3) Jingle Bells (Jingle Bells)

Jingle bells
mortar shells
V.C. in the grass
Take your merry Christmas
And shove it up your ass.

4) Roll Out the Bodies (Roll out the Bodies)

Roll out the bodies
See what the mortars have done
Roll out the bodies
Take a good look at your son...

5) Strafe the Town (Wake the Town)

Strafe the town and Kill the people
Drop the Napalm in the square
Get up early Sunday morning
Catch them while they're still at prayer
Drop the candy from the airplane
Watch the Kiddies gather round
Use your 50mm
Mow the little bastards down.

6.) Tour the DMZ (Tour the U.S.A.)

Tour the DMZ in your APC
America is asking you to die.
Take an RPG through your APC
America is asking you to die.

7.) Push the Trigger (Drop another Nickel in...)

Push the trigger on the fifty
Gee this war is really nifty.
Hum p the ammo from the dump
Everytime I get a Kill I start to jump.
Kill and Kill and Kill some more
This could never be a bore.
Come and join our groovy game
Plunder, pillage, rape, and maim.

8.) Got your Son (Comptown Faces)

Got your son with a Napalm bomb
do da do da
Got your son with a Napalm bomb
oh de do da day
Watched him burn all night
Watched him burn all day
Got your son with a Napalm bomb
oh de do da day.

9.) Your Son Was Killed... (Camptown Ladies)

a.) Your son was killed in Viet Nam

do da do da

Your son was killed in Viet Nam

Oh de do da day

Chorus: ~~Oh~~ do da day

Oh de do da day

Your son was killed in Viet Nam

Oh de do da day.

b.) The President thanks you for your son

do da do da

etc.....

c.) He's coming home in a body bag

do da do da

etc.....

d.) He stepped on a claymore mine

just the other day

He's ly'en out rotten in the elephant grass

oh de do da day.

10.) Airborne Ranger

I wanna be an airborne ranger

[Bull shit Bull shit]

I wanna lead a life of danger

[Bull shit Bull shit]

I wanna go to Viet Nam

[Bull shit Bull shit]

I wanna kill a Viet Cong

[Bull shit Bull shit]

Sound off

1, 2

Sound off

3, 4

1, 2, 3, 4

1, 2, Airborne!

11. * Chopper Pilots (I wish I was a little bit of so

a.) There are no chopper pilots down in hell
(Repeat)

The place is full of queers, fixed wing pilots,
bombardiers

There are no chopper pilots down in hell.

b.) The bomber pilot's life is just a farce
(Repeat)

The automatic pilot's on

He's reading comics in the john

The bomber pilot's life is just a farce.

c.) There are no fighter pilots in the fray
(Repeat)

They are in the USO's wearing ribbons, fancy
clothes

There are no fighter pilots in the fray.

d.) There are no chopper pilots in the states
(Repeat)

They are off on foreign shores making mothers
out of whores

There are no chopper pilots in the States.

11.) Victor Charlie at Ple me (rock of ages)

Victor Charlie at Ple me
threw a hand grenade at me
So I caught it in my palm
threw it back and he was gone
Victor Charlie at Ple me
Thanks alot you S.O.B.

12.) Extremely Low Flight (High Flight)

"Oh I have slipped the sull
bonds of earth (by the skin of my ass) '
and danced the skies on panic stricken
wings.

Treetopward I've climbed and don
a hundred things more terrifying than
your worst nightmare, wheeled and
scared and swung too damn low in
the sunlit silence.

Hovering there, here, everywhere, I've
chased the bright elusive butterfly of
love and flung my underpowered craft
through bushes, tree branches, and
ground fog.

12) cont.

Up up through the red dust with great difficulty into a flock of birds and with a hang over as I fly through the over crowded sanctities of birds and artillery, I put out my hand and reached for my sic sac."

1/11 ACR Aviation
Bingo Pad

12.) I Wanted Wings

a) I wanted wings 'til I got the goddam things
Now I don't want them any more
They taught me how to fly then they
sent me off to die
I've had a belly full of war.
You can take the Viet Cong
I'd rather run along
Distinguished Flying Cross
Do not compensate for losses — Buster

(chorus):

I wanted wings 'til I got the goddam
things

Now I don't want them any more.

b.) I'll take the dames, let the rest go down
in flames

I have no desire to be burned
Air combat spells romance 'til they
shoot holes in your pants

I'm not a fighter I have learned

You can have your Special Forces

I'll go back to raising horses

I'd rather make a cutie than be shot
down in my Huey — Buster

(chorus):

c.) I do not care to die in the Huey
that I fly
That's for the eager not for me.
I don't trust in my luck to be picked
up by a duck
After I've crashed into the sea
I would rather be a terrier than a
fighter on a carrier
With my hand around a bottle
you can keep your goddam throttle - Buster
(Chorus):

d.) They feed us lousy chow but we stay
alive somehow
On dehydrated eggs and milk and stew.
The rumor has it ~~now~~ next they'll be
dehydrating sex.
That's when I'll tell the coach I'm
through
For I've managed all the dangers
The shooting back of strangers
But when I get home late
I want my woman straight - Buster
(Chorus):

e.) I do not care to die in the Huey
that I fly
Ground fire makes me lose my lunch
There's nothing you can say when
they blow you half away

I'd rather be at home than with the bunch
For there's one thing you can't laugh off
When they shoot your tail boom half off
I'd rather be home — Buster...
with my ass than with a cluster — Buster

(chorus):

* Dirty Al

15.) Dirty Al (Big John)

(chorus): Dirty Al, Dirty Al, Dirty ol' Al

a) Every day at the line you can see
him arrive

He stands 5 foot 8 weighs 185
Kinda broad at the shoulders like he
is at the hip

And everyone knows he doesn't give a
shit — Dirty Al

(chorus):

b) Some people say he made the L.A. scene
where he built him a rotor on a
sewing machine

He cut his teeth on a collective pitch
Dirty Al is a low flying son of a
Bitch — Dirty Al.

(chorus):

c.) Then came the ~~day~~ night at the big
canal
When everyone thought it was the end
of Al.

A V.C. round through the engine deck
made the ol' engine sound like heck - Dirty Al
(chows):

d.) Then came a sound, 'twas an awful
roar

The engine had quit, wouldn't run no more
Brave men cried and ~~an~~ hearts beat fast
Everyone thought he had breathed his
last - 'sept Al.

(chows):

e.) He pushed the ol' pitch right down to
the floor

But the damn rotor blades wouldn't turn
any more

His ass puckered up and with a fearful
sound

He sucked that chopper right off of the
ground. - Dirty Al

(chows):

f.) Everything was all right and we sighed
with relief

The ol' pucker factor it saved us
much grief

No one was hurt but we busted
our ass,

Trying to pull the seat covers out of

Dirty Al's ass — Dirty Al.
(chorus):

g) Now we never fly over that worthless
ditch

we just placed a marble stand on
the son of a bitch

These words are written upon this
stand...

"Aint no ass can pucker like
Al's ass can" — Dirty Al.

(chorus)

* Dirty Al Burnor
CW2 AV

13.) " Oh it's Dustoff time again you're
going to leave me,
I can see by the bloody hole in
your leg
And the way that you yell Medic
That it won't be long before it's
Dustoff time again."
— Can Guise "C" 3/7

This Land - Gene Easley

14.) Chorus:

This land is your land
An army town land
From the Mekong Delta to
The Central Highlands
And up the coastline to the DMZ
This land was made for VC.

While I was in Saigon
I wanted to go
so I went and got me
a Cyclo

He said 300 P

A Baby - SAN for me

This land was made for you & she.
Chorus

This chick was quite a dish
she smelled of rotten fish
she was a Thoutagnard
who forgot her right guard
I left her in her hut
Chewing her beetle nut

This chick was made but not by.
Chorus

I've traveled and wandered over
many continents
And I've never been in a land
Had so many bad scents
When I've forgotten
That smell so rotten
I'll be in the land
That's made for me.

16.) Chorus: Air-sick ARVN (Early in the Mornin')
What are you gonna do with an
Air-sick ARVN

repeat

repeat

Early in the morning.

He's filling up his helmet liner

repeat

repeat

Early in the morning. Ammo Box 400-000

Chorus

Kick the little bastard out.